

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Flaming Moment.

By KATHERINE HOPSON.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BESS BROWNELL linked her arm in Patricia's as they went downstairs. "I don't like to criticize people, especially when I'm visiting," but I must say I never saw a girl so much as if they wanted to be as good as the angels."

Patricia, who had just arrived, looked surprised. "Surely you must be mistaken, Bess," she remonstrated, remembering the latter's propensity to exaggerate things during their college days.

Bess shook her curly head. "I've been here a week, and that's long enough to see a good many things. By this time they had reached the dining room, where they were joined by others, so the conversation necessarily became general. Nor were they alone together again that evening. But Patricia thought over those words many times next day, when she was alone with roses and similar for the wedding. Apparently everyone was in a happy and gay, but over all was an unmistakable atmosphere of tenseness and foreboding.

Late that afternoon Patricia went to the drug store on an errand, and as she was leaving a rather showily dressed young man came forward and, with an apology for addressing her, asked: "You are one of the Warren house-party, aren't you?"

She acknowledged this fact, and he drew from his pocket a envelope. "Then I'm going to ask you to do me the favor of giving this to Miss Ada Warren, when you have the chance to see her alone."

Almost involuntarily she took the letter, her gray eyes raised questioning.

An old friend of Miss Warren's, "Mr. Marshall," he added with a smiling smile. He bowed courteously and was gone.

With deepening misgivings, she complied with the request. Ada's wildlike face whitened when she saw the writing, but she offered no explanation.

That evening there was to be a rehearsal for the wedding and as they waited for the clergyman who was to officiate, Alice Marshall, Ada's married sister, proposed a little dance.

"There are five girls and five men, and I will play for you; so improve the golden opportunity," she said.

"Isn't Fred Landreth a typical bridegroom? He's so pale and so nervous," whispered Bess, her dark eyes shining impishly, as they stood together a moment before the dancing began. To Patricia the gay strains of the music seemed intolerable. Some-how the whole affair seemed like a travesty. Surely she was not to have these forebodings for nothing! She could not bear to think of unhappiness coming to Ada, who had been her dearest friend at college, nor to Landreth, who, surely, after his hard struggle in the business world, he deserved happiness. She thought of that happy summer on the Maine coast two years ago, when she and Ada had first met him. At first he had paid more attention to her, and she had thought Patricia pulled herself together sharply. Those were memories she must never think of again, for tomorrow he was to marry her dearest friend.

At that moment the doorbell rang loudly. It was a messenger boy with a telegram. "This is to be delivered to Mister

Fred Landreth," said he. "I'm your man," returned Landreth, and signed for the message. He tore open the yellow envelope and Patricia saw his face grow grave.

"Is it bad news?" she asked timidly. "Read!" He handed her the paper. "Mines at El Paso blown up. General insurrection. Much damage. Come."

"Is it very bad, do you suppose?" Even as she asked, Patricia unconsciously wondered why we are prone to ask futile questions in times of crisis.

"The message sounds like it. Probably all machinery is ruined. 'Oh, Fred, I'm so sorry. I hope things aren't as bad as they seem.' Voice and eyes were sympathetic.

"Thank you, Pat. Good wishes help. I must go and tell Ada and the Warrens. I may have to start back tonight."

He went over to the piano and said a few words to Alice Marshall. The gay strains of the fox-trot stopped abruptly.

"Please take my place a little while," she said to Bess, who sat near by, and left the room with Landreth. Patricia slipped away to the veranda. She felt as if she must be quiet a few minutes to get a grip on herself.

"They mustn't see me so upset. It would seem strange. Through the half-open door Alice returned and called the others to her. They stood in a little group, talking earnestly, and Mr. Warren came downstairs and left the house. As they went on the light shone on their faces, and from her shadowy corner Patricia observed that Landreth wore a look of grim determination.

Unable to bear the suspense, she started to leave, but when she reached the door, she found that Landreth had gone to send some telegrams and find out about trains.

"He may start tonight," explained Bess. Mrs. Marshall says the wedding has been postponed. But if I were in Ada's place and loved him, I'd want to go and help him, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," Patricia made tense answer and excused herself to go upstairs. She felt that she could not stay and discuss the situation.

On the way to the room she was obliged to pass Mrs. Warren's door. She was in a chair by table, and her crumpled attitude, so different from her usual erect dignity, touched Patricia's tender heart. Impulsively she started to go in, then, seeing Ada and her sister on the sofa, and fearing that her coming was an inopportune, she turned to withdraw; but they had seen her.

"Come in, dear," called Mrs. Warren. "We're in great trouble." "I know—I've heard. Oh, I'm so sorry. But surely things will all come out right in a little while. I will only mean that the wedding."

"Ada says there will be no wedding," declared Alice Marshall. "There won't," said Ada's slender figure looked tense and defiant, but her dark eyes were piteous. Mrs. Warren began to cry.

"Now that the blowing up of his mine has probably changed his fortune, Fred chivalrously gave Ada a chance for release, and she gave him back his ring. To think of a Warren breaking faith with a man because he was down!" Scorn rang in Alice's honest voice.

"It wasn't that," broke in Ada. "It was because I thought it the right thing to do—best for the happiness of all. We two are not the only ones concerned. Yesterday afternoon I got a letter from Howard Vance."

Here Alice interrupted. "I knew he was back of it all—"

Patricia thought of the letter she had delivered to Ada, and sudden memory recalled the story she had heard of a suitor of Ada's of whom her family disapproved.

"He still cares in the same old way."

To the Women of Fairmont:

WOMEN of Fairmont, do your duty by your local Red Cross chapter. Let the women of this city have but one single purpose in this work, to aid the wounded and give support and care to the victims of war disasters.

This is no time for personal ease or pleasure. We are at war. Ask the women of Civil war times what this means? It means that we must stand shoulder to shoulder and see this business through. No shirkers, no slackers, nothing but workers.

And—oh!—so do I. I thought I'd got over that, but when I read his letter I knew I hadn't. But I didn't have the courage to tell Fred; I was a coward. But I kept hoping and praying that something would happen to save us at the last ditch. Of course, I didn't want anything bad to happen to Fred, and I'm sorry for his trouble—but, oh! I'm glad to be free!"

"But, Ada, the criticism, the comment, weakly deplored her mother. 'Besides, we don't like Howard Vance any better than we ever did.'"

"He has faults, I know, but he'll overcome them with the right woman to help him—anyway, I love him—I love him!" Ada ended in incoherent tears. It was some time before they could soothe her, but at last, when she was more calm, Patricia slipped away to her own room.

Soon, however, the quiet became intolerable, and she went downstairs. She wanted to learn whether Fred had returned, and if he was going away that night. There was no one in the living room, so she went into the library of the hall, where she could watch for someone who might know.

"I can do nothing—nothing. I can't even fully express sympathy without being misunderstood." She laid her head down among the sofa cushions, and tears relieved the grief that was in her heart. She did not notice when the front door opened, nor was she aware of someone standing in the doorway, until a voice said:

"Why, Patricia, you here?" She sat up in confusion. "I stayed to hear the outcome of your trip to the station." Furtively she wiped her wet cheeks, glad that the light was well shaded.

"He sat down beside her. 'When I got there, I found a night letter. Things at the mine aren't so bad as they were first reported.' She could tell by his voice he was much cheered."

"I find on talking to the agent that I make better connection by waiting for the limited tomorrow morning. So I'm not going tonight."

"I'm very glad things seem better." There was a moment's silence then he said: "Perhaps this isn't the occasion to speak—but in times like this we can lay aside conventions. Probably you know Ada's found out she cares more for the other man—and, well, I care more for another woman."

He smiled, but his eyes were pleading and tender. "You are first with me, Patricia, you were from the beginning, but you were so—so reserved. I didn't think there was any hope."

There was another moment of tense silence, then he continued: "Some times Patricia, the deal past, comes back and gives us another chance. Will you turn back, dear, to where we stood before misunderstandings separated us?"

She did not speak. She never could in moments of strong emotion. "If you'll marry me tomorrow, I'll take you to San Antonio; and then, when things are more settled on the border, we can begin life again together. Will you come?"

Still she did not speak, but by way of answer, drew down his tired young head until his cheek rested against her shining hair.

Though both knew that the hasty wedding would bring surprise and disapproval from some who were dear, and life in the frontier country stretched before them an uncharted sea; neither regret nor apprehension marred their peace, or dimmed the gladness of this flaming moment that was all their own.

Juvenile Day—Saturday Afternoon. Mrs. Davis will expect all the dolls; Juvenile Red Cross members who want to do their bit, at headquarters Saturday afternoon. Come prepared to work, and let each child bring a pair of scissors along. The scrap basket is piled high from the cutting table and there is lots of work on hand for small fingers.

Executive Committee Meeting. The Executive Committee will hold its monthly meeting at headquarters, Monday evening, 7:30 promptly. Mrs. Brett hopes for a complete attendance of members. Much business of importance will come before the board and reports of the various chairmen be submitted.

"JOHN."

RED CROSS NEWS AND NOTES

Warm and Cozy at Headquarters. Alto the room at headquarters is an unusually large one still it is heated warmer than nine-tenths of the living rooms in Fairmont. It is perfectly comfortable, the gas pressure is strong, and the sun streams in the large windows. No more delightful place to be in the whole city than the Red Cross workroom. If you are shivering over your inadequate heat at home, come up and thaw out. You will be kindly welcomed.

Monongah Starts Her Surgical Work. Mrs. Smyth and Mrs. Steele met with the Monongah auxiliary Thursday afternoon to assist in the starting of the gauze work there. Mrs. Conley who took the surgical dressing course under Miss Lovejoy, and received her certificate which permits her to instruct, will be the supervisor of this auxiliary. They have a fine room for the work and everything ideally arranged for the utmost care in preparing the dressings. Their work will give quite an impetus to the output of the Chapter. The Fairmont women returned delighted with the Monongah arrangements, and are confident that the Monongah women will flock to work, as every inducement that could be offered in the way of pleasant and comfortable surroundings has been supplied for the auxiliary headquarters.

First Aid Starts Tuesday Evening. Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, Dr. E. W. Howard will start the First Aid Course. It is desired, if possible, to ascertain the number which may be expected to enter for the course. The chapter wants a large enrollment—it is an instructive course which every woman ought to take. It will teach you what to do for sprains, bruises, cuts and burns, and how to give assistance in those sudden injuries which are liable to occur at any time to any person. In short, First Aid teaches the chapter what to do till the doctor comes. Those wishing to enroll will please telephone headquarters, or call Mrs. Anna Vockrodt, the chairman of Educational department. A course in Dietetics under Miss Gaskill is also completed and certified. Their interest is manifested in the chapter's success. Mrs. Vickrodt would like very much to have the names of any who would enroll in Dietetics, so that she may have some idea regarding this course.

Wednesday the Banner Day. Those who are steadily in the headquarters work rooms, claim that Wednesday witnessed the largest turn out of workers since the establishment of the Chapter. Wednesday is the day that has been selected by the First M. E. church workers; their decision to get busy on Red Cross affairs doubtless added to the attendance on that day. The First M. E. church is a large one and numbers in its membership some of the city's most efficient women. The concerted effort of this church on Wednesday would mean quite a lot to the Chapter. The surgical dressing room was humming all day. Over twelve hundred dressings were turned out by this department. The wool department was taxed trying to take care of the demand upon it. When we get six days in succession like this one star occasion, then we will know for a certainty that the woman of Fairmont have really taken Red Cross work in their hearts and that the Chapter is a real, sure enough Red Cross Chapter, out to do great things.

Mrs. Eddy's Fine Work. The Chapter is very proud of the work of Mrs. J. H. Eddy who lives on Route No. 2, Fairview. Mrs. Eddy has turned in one hundred new members for the Red Cross, the result of her own personal labors. This is one of the finest individual efforts that has been brought to the attention of the Chapter. A man, who is not very favor-

ably inclined toward the Red Cross, said the other day—"All the work of the Red Cross is falling upon the people of the cities and towns, the rural districts are doing nothing, are asked for nothing." The work done by Mrs. Eddy is a complete refutation of this statement;—let no one say that the people of the country districts do not work for and support the Red Cross. The sum of \$100. from Route No. 2, Fairview looks like there were 100 people from up there, who mean to stand by the Red Cross work. It takes a long time some times to make people see that this work is everybody's work. Loyal people who have only in mind the country service, recognize this instinctively, but is has to be drilled into the heads of the knackers. Fairmont Chapter will need, and more over will have the support of all its rural districts, and 100 new members brought by Mrs. Eddy will go to show how ready are the people to respond.

Seventy-nine Sweaters for Camp Lee. If ever a man needed a sweater he will need it now—if every woman made their knitting needles fly, it should be now. The boys are begging for them, and they are begging for socks. The Saturday Evening Post says in an article this week that home knitted socks are priced at \$6.00 a pair in the cities. Here is where the women of Fairmont make good—they fashion them for our men and send them into the camps for nothing. The actual cost of the wool in a pair is about 55 cents—the labor not counted of course. They are much superior to the store manufactured socks that the men fairly scrap over them. Let us hurry up for the boys at Camp Lee, and then we will try for permission to supply our boys at Hattiesburg. West Virginia Red Cross is not going to be satisfied until every West Virginia man has an outfit. Seventy-nine sweaters were shipped this week from headquarters.

IN FIVE MINUTES NO SICK STOMACH INDIGESTION, GAS

"PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN" IS THE QUICKEST AND SUREST STOMACH RELIEF.

You don't know what upset your stomach—which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in a revolt; if sick, gassy and upset, and what you just ate has fermented and turned sour; head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take a little Pape's Diapepsin to neutralize acidity and in five minutes you wonder what became of the indigestion and distress.

Millions of men and women today know that it is needless to have dyspepsia. A little diapepsin occasionally keeps the stomach sweetened, and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest most harmless antacid is Pape's Diapepsin which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—stomach food souring and gets things straight, so gently and easily that it is really astonishing. Your stomach will digest your meals if you keep acids neutralized.

Osgood's for Quality

A Good Time to Buy Furs Now!

Genuine Fox Set, Taupe, Grey, a handsome Muff and extra large animal scarf \$50.00.

Genuine Black Lynx Scarfs \$22.50, \$29.75, \$35.00, \$45.00.

Genuine Hudson Seal (dyed Musk-Rat) large round Muffs \$22.50. Long throw Scarfs, \$25.00.

Genuine Select Skin Squirrel, an exquisite set, with extra long scarf and beautiful Muff, \$75.00.

Other good reliable Furs.

Muffs—\$10 to \$35

Scarfs—\$15.00 to \$50.00.

Sets—\$25.00 to \$75.00.

Could Not Eat or Sleep Made Well By PERUNA

Mr. William E. Denny, 1023 Park Ave., Springfield, Ohio, writes: "I find great pleasure in writing you and thanking you for what Peruna has already done for me. I have been troubled with catarrh for years, and it had affected my head, nose, throat and stomach, that I could not eat nor sleep with any satisfaction. I have just taken three bottles. I can eat most anything and am greatly relieved of nervousness, so that when I lie down I can sleep without the least trouble. I recommend it to all those who are sufferers of that dreadful disease, catarrh."

Catarrh For Years Can Now Eat and Sleep To My Satisfaction

Those who object to liquid medicines can procure Peruna Tablets.

S-A-F-E-T-Y F-I-R-S-T

Judge the Future by the Past.

Don't wait for another blizzard to prepare for heat in case of another GAS SHORTAGE. Put in a grate or stove now. Have a load of COAL ready. Remember the blizzard of December 19 and order now.

WE CATER TO DOMESTIC CONSUMERS.

McCOY COAL COMPANY

Office Phone 129.

Mine Phone 788 J

Plates \$8.00. Guaranteed 10 Years.

Teeth extracted 25c.
Painless methods used.
Teeth filled 50c and up
Teeth cleaned 75c.



Come in and have your teeth examined. This service is free.

Crown and Bridge Work \$5 Per Tooth. Guaranteed 10 Years

Have You Personal War?

Excuse us. We mean have you tooth troubles? If so, come to us for treatment and those troubles will soon be forgotten. We aim to please.

THE UNION DENTISTS

Office over McCrory's 5 & 10c Store. Opposite Courthouse. Call Bell Phone 921 J

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

When Pat stopped reading the letter from John Sterling to the woman who had him so devotedly but for whom he left so stronger emotion than respect, I'm resolved forward and said, "Let me see the envelope that letter came in, please."

"Pardon me, commissioner, I would rather not," said Pat as he folded up the letter and put it in his pocket.

"Do you believe that any woman could keep on loving a man for years?" This letter seems to intimate that the woman loved John Sterling and not only until he told her that all the love between them had been on her side," asked Alice.

"I think so," said Eliene. "She might have thought that the man was not demonstrative and you can read how sincerely he admired her. I am not sure that he did not really have a very great deal of affection for her."

"What do you think was the reason he sent the letter to the newspaper?" asked Dick.

"I think," I said, "that she had an idea of hurting some one—some woman that John Sterling loved. She expected that you would publish the letter, Pat, and she knew then that in the city was one woman who would understand."

"Do you think she thought that the man she loved was his wife?" asked Eliene.

"Never in a thousand years," was Eliene's answer. "She knew from his letter with herself that he did not love a wife."

"And so she was perhaps blinded to the fact that if that letter was published there would be a pretty scandal," said Pat. "But listen to the last sentence in the case," he added.

merciless feminine thing, without heart or soul, which lives only to give its vanity in the protestations of love from any and all men.

"Beautiful bit of immorality. Just where did you come from into this mortal world to make men feel that they would sacrifice everything to carry out your slightest wish?"

"Well, you have worked your worst with me. I cannot live and see you shower the smiles and favors on another that once were mine to make me happy with a delicious thrill. To have you turn from me has made of life a dark and weary road, without interest, without color, without hope."

"And so I am writing this to say farewell. I wish I could put you out of the world as well. No, don't curl up those red lips of yours with a satisfied smile. I have no desire to take you with me. I only dread to leave you behind to work your havoc with better and more useful men than I."

"I hope, lady fair, that to you will come one half the agony you have caused me to suffer—more I am afraid you could not stand. Farewell."

"JOHN."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(YOU WOULD HARDLY CALL THIS A BANQUET.)—BY ALLMAN.

